

## IT WAS NOT FATE

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

Ina Ringold stood gazing from the doorway of her home after the receding figure of Paul Newcombe with ardent longing eyes. Handsome, well dressed, erect and manly looking he would have made an impression on nine out of ten feminine admirers. To Ina he was a last hope. She had reached the borders of womanhood and a spinster life seemed to menace her.

"A rising young man," spoke the unctuous voice of her father in her ear so unexpectedly that she started, blushed consciously and in some confusion evaded his keen insinuating eyes. "Is he rising to the occasion of matrimony, Ina?"

"How should I know?" fluttered the girl. "He comes here occasionally, but divides his attention with others." "I have fancied that he rather favored you," proceeded Squire Ringold bluntly. "Ought to. As to money and position, he couldn't make a better match, eh, Ina?"

"Father," spoke Ina suddenly, placing a pleading hand on his arm "will you do something for me?"

"Why, surely—always," acceded Mr. Ringold, fairly surprised at her strange manner. "What is it?"

"The trustee school board are deciding on a new teacher."

"Why, yes, but that doesn't usually interest you much."

"It does this time," confessed Ina hurriedly. "I understand that the board have selected two to choose from—a Miss Zella Bertram of Fairview, and a Miss Lucy Dodge of Brocton."

"You're pretty well posted," said the Squire. "That's right."

"Mr. Newcombe favors Miss Dodge. It seems some friend of his recommends her. She is young and pretty, I learn."

"We usually give Newcombe his way," said the Squire.

"You mustn't this time," insisted Ina. "This Miss Bertram, I have heard, is a Vassar graduate. She must be old."



"Got Word From Newcombe Today."

er than the other one. Besides, it would be quite a card for us to have a Vassar graduate as a teacher, don't you see, pap?"

The Squire "saw" very well, indeed, and said so and departed with a chuckle. What Ina was inspired with was the fear of beauty and youth coming upon the scene to add a new rival in her determined onset to appropriate young Newcombe as her fiancé.

"I'm wise," meditated the Squire. "As I have said, Newcombe is a rising man in the community and I wouldn't object to him as a son-in-law."

Although Ina did not know it Paul Newcombe was perfectly free from any interest in Miss Dodge outside of wishing to oblige a friend. He had learned that the young lady in question was entirely eligible for the post she expected to fill, and his sympathies were enlisted when he learned that she was the sole support of an invalid mother.

Paul had told the other six members of the school board of his preference. He was a lawyer, they respected his good judgment and up to the day before the meeting of the trustees the votes of four of his fellow members were pledged with him.

To his surprise and in a way to his pained regret, Miss Bertram was chosen for the vacant post by a vote of five to two.

"You see, Newcombe," explained the Squire, trying to act offhanded, "we believe that a mature woman, as this Miss Bertram is probably, would be better than a mere child of girl."

"Yes, and then again," advanced one of the Squire's cohorts, "it's something to have been educated at Vassar."

"I think that some one ought to go down to Fairview and personally notify Miss Bertram of our choice," submitted a third trustee.

"Exactly," approved a fourth, "and first look up her general record to be sure that we are making no mistake."

"I nominate Newcombe to represent the school board in that mission," said the Squire.

Paul swallowed his disappointment as to favoring a friend through the selection of Miss Dodge. He made arrangements to go to Fairview the next day. That evening the Squire came home with a satisfied expression on his face.

"Well, Ina," he observed, "we carried the day."

"They have selected the Vassar girl, then?"

"Of course. I had influence enough for that."

"I hope this Miss Bertram is the self-opinionated old maid I judge her to be," meditated Ina and felt quite gladdened over her petty victory.

The fair alien planned out a series of parties for the near future, pursuant to the expected speedy return of Newcombe. He had never given

her the least indication that he had any preference for her, but she was sure she led in the race, at least locally, as to position and wealth.

"Sort of queer about Newcombe," observed the Squire, when he came home two days later. "He's usually a quip, all around business man and ought to have got through with his business at Fairview in a few hours."

"Isn't he written?" inquired Ina a trifle anxiously.

"Not a word."

The following evening, however, the Squire brought some fresh news.

"Got word from Newcombe today," he said, and Ina looked curious and eager. "Says he has looked that Vassar girl up and found her more than capable and all that, but the deal's off."

"Why, what do you mean, father?" asked Ina vaguely.

"Miss Bertram won't come. Newcombe wrote that she had altered her plans. This leaves the other candidate the only one that passed the committee. I reckon they'll send for her. Newcombe sent his proxy to vote for her, so I guess it will be Miss Dodge."

"But when is Mr. Newcombe coming back?" inquired Ina, losing sight of her former fears and jealousy in dismay over the continued absence of the victim she had set her cap for.

"Why, he says he discovered some old friends in Fairview, needs a rest and will take a week's vacation."

At the end of a week Paul returned, but Ina did not see him. She tried in every way she could devise, but her schemes did not succeed. Paul was away again on the train to Fairview the next morning. The Squire met him at the depot.

"We decided on Miss Dodge," he observed.

"Yes, so I heard."

"Going away again, I see. Say, Newcombe, who was the reason that Miss Bertram did not accept our offer?"

"Well," replied Paul, a faint smile about his lips, "because she accepted mine."

"Accepted yours?" stammered the Squire.

"Yes, I guess it was fate sent me to meet the most beautiful and cultured young lady I ever knew. I am going back to marry Miss Bertram."

"No," soliloquized the Squire, with a melancholy shake of the head as the train bore away the young man he had hoped to secure as a son-in-law. "It wasn't fate that sent young Newcombe to Fairview. It was Ina, and I wonder how she will take it when I tell her the news?"

Miss Ina Ringold took it so seriously that she went off into a violent fit of hysterics, when she learned that but for her arbitrary interference Paul Newcombe might still be a hope in the future.

Miss Dodge came to the village, modest, devoted only to her invalid mother. In no sense, Ina realized, could she have become a rival.

But when Miss Zella Bertram—Mrs. Paul Newcombe now—a brilliant bride, appeared, even Ina acknowledged secretly that she had been the means of bringing together as charmingly mated a couple as the world afforded.

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## SLUMBER LIKED TO FROST

Really Poetic Idea in Comparison Between the "Sleepy Time" and the Ice King.

Looking at a white birch stick in the fire tonight I was struck by the likeness in the effect of fire and water. A line of flame crept slowly across the smooth white bark, driving up a little wrinkle before it, like one of the lines left on sea sand by the returning waves. Great is the indestructibility of fire. I sometimes recognize on the fire a stick which I cut a week, a month, or even a year before.

The approach of sleep is much like the freezing of water in pond or bowl. Faint spicules dart from the sides, notes and dots, barely perceptible, swim in the midst. One might imagine the process not less grateful to the long unheeded mere than to the merely longing brain; for as the one desires, for the time being, to be defended from that thought which is its own component essence, so might the other seek a coat proof against the plunge of an icicle, formed of a like element. Slight agitation, applied with judgment, will help the matter on. The introduction of a finger will sometimes change a bowl of congealing water to a solid mass; a bit of ice laid in at the proper moment will help on the water's freezing, and so will thinking on your latest dream help to induce slumber.

Transparent and cold as are ice and sleep, nothing will keep brain and water safer and warmer; all glances from them, and naught stirs up mood or mood. The parallel holds to the last; for nothing can more resemble the rude awakening of a slumberer than the sudden breaking of ice, and nothing is more like a gradual and pleasant waking than the melting thaw where beginning and end are alike indiscernible.

## Killing Out Big Game.

Big game of British East Africa, outside of three preserves of the colony, is rapidly vanishing, and, according to W. T. Hornaday, "is absolutely certain to disappear in about one-fourth the time that it took South Africa to accomplish the same result." Mr. Hornaday points out that the present legal bag limit is ruinously extravagant; for \$250 a man may buy the right to kill 300 head of hooved and horned animals of 44 species, not counting carnivorous animals that may also be killed. Thus the richest big game fauna of any one spot in the world, which nature has been several million years in developing and placing there, seems likely to be wiped out by man within the next 15 years.

No Such Thing.

"I think every human being remembers to come a certain reptile or an animal. Take your neighbor, Mrs. Simpson, for instance; I think her features are positively ophidian."

"Huh! I don't know where your eyes are! To me she looks just like a snake."

## Jet-Trimmed Hats for Early Wear



THE great variety in hats made of jet combined with other materials, gives reason to think that the jet-trimmed hat is destined to usher in the spring and remain throughout the summer. Already hats made of jet and maline, or jet and lace, with a touch of velvet in their composition, have appeared, and, while appropriate for present wear, they are airy enough for summer. The jet hat does not belong to one season but to all of them. It is a good investment in millinery.

Many of the new hats are quite high. The shapes themselves are moderate in height, but the trimming gives the effect of very high crowns. This phase of the new styles is liked for the combination of jet with maline or lace. Two hats of this kind are shown here, both of the prettiest of the latest models.

In one of them a turban shape is developed with a band of jet covering the brim and a soft puffed crown of maline. Over and around this crown there is a standing ruffle of maline (doubled) supported by fine wires. No other trimming is used. Such a hat is useful at any season. Thanks to the recent discoveries of manufacturers, the maline is not as fragile as it looks. It has been made waterproof. The jet is one of the few millinery materials that have lasting qualities.

The model of jet and lace is also a turban shape. It is somewhat elongated and has a soft crown of silk and

maline. Handsome black Chantilly lace is wired to stand up about the crown. It is slashed at each side and outlined near the edge with a line of jet spangles. A beautiful coronet of jet extends about the brim, rising to a point at the front. Small bows of black velvet ribbon are poised at each side. Little bouquets are often placed in this position, instead of bows. They are made of little, fine flowers or little fruits.

Quite the reverse of high, one of the small close-fitting caps of straw braid is shown with a band of jet about the edge. Nothing could be simpler in shape. It is trimmed with jet ornaments, one at each side, consisting of a flat cabochon into which a spike of jet is apparently thrust. In spite of its simple shape and construction, this model is smart and almost startlingly novel.

There is no doubting the favor with which these hats of jet have been received by those who are the first to buy spring millinery. They will be worn during the whole season, but, as no one is content to own but one hat, after holding the center of the stage for a while, they will be relegated to second place, with flower and ribbon-trimmed millinery taking precedence.

A black hat should always be among the belongings of the well-dressed woman, for there are times when it is needed and nothing else will do quite as well.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

## VESTS AND GIRDLES FOR ELABORATING THE COAT SUIT

IN ORDER to change the appearance of your dressy coat suit, or for the sake of elaborating your toilette upon occasions that demand it, the separate vest is a thing of beauty and a source of comfort. It is made of the handsomest and most brilliant of fabrics; bits of rich, highly colored brocades, gold embroidered satins, and ribbons which cost more than their weight in gold. But the little vest is small and takes only a short



length to make it. It is a touch of gorgeousness meant to brighten up and lend lustre to the quiet garb. If one owns a coat suit of a good velvet or satin or any other of the popular suit fabrics, the separate vest and girdle will tone it up to fit the most exacting of occasions. For the afternoon tea-dance, the matinee, the formal call, the club reception, in fact, for functions to which one wears a hat, the little brilliant vest and the smart girdle make the suit impressive.

It is a happy idea to have a bit of the same coloring in the hat worn with these chic accessories. The small black velvet hat has made opportunities for the addition of trimming to harmonize with colors worn in the costume. Crowns covered smoothly with the same rich and showy fabrics that are used for making vests, will be found effective.

The small waistcoats are embellished with handsome cut steel, jet or stone buttons. Jet and rhin-

stone combined are in great favor just now. They are the last word in the matter of brilliance and look well on any color or mixture of colors.

Besides the little vest there is the girdle of brilliant silk ribbon or piece goods, and the specially good wide velvet ribbon. Plaids and Roman stripes in such fascinating color combinations that one instantly falls in love with them, furnish many of the girdles. Brocades are liked, but to be worn at the same time as a brilliant vest, the girdle of plain velvet ribbon furnishes about the best choice.

These girdles appear to be adjusted loosely about the figure and extend somewhat below the waist line. But think not that this is easily or carelessly done. They are carefully placed, the wearer adjusting them in front of her mirror and pinning them with the smallest of tiny safety pins on the under side. The pins do not show, of course. The girdles, if of ribbon, are nearly always "crushed" a bit. This effort these days is not to make the waist look "trim" and small, but to suggest ease and freedom.

The effect of a handsome, harmonious girdle in toning up a gown can hardly be overestimated. "That girdle makes the gown" is a comment one is apt to hear when a successful girdle lifts an ordinary gown to its own elegant level.

## Gypsy-Like Coiffures.

Something of the kypsy must be in every woman—these strange new head-dresses have attained such instant popularity.

For evening functions bits of bonnets of shirred velvet in shades of briques are bound about the head. These are edged with fur and trimmed with a single "flame" of scarlet paradise. Scarfs and muffs to match are used.

For evening affairs of a more elaborate character bands of tulle ornamented with great jewels are worn around the hair. If it is an opera, milady removes the band and uses a "flame" of paradise, up one side of the coiffure, with a real or an imitation jewel attached to the tip of the feather. This bends the paradise over, like a whip, and gives a new and pretty line, rather becoming in a coiffure.

## Flower Powder Puffs.

Small wonder that the heart of the silk velvet rose or whatever fabric flower Madame Modish elects to adopt as a corsage ornament is of generous proportions. It needs must be capacious, for it holds a tiny ribbon-trimmed siltken bag and within the bag is a powder puff—infinite! To be sure,

## The Easter Lily Collar.

Newest among neckwear in the rolling collar of fine white bolting cloth or batiste attached to a sleeveless guimpé of the same material tucked. These collars are soft yet stand high and have a crisp, dainty appearance.

## WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS



## Frock Coat Rescued on the Brink of Oblivion

WASHINGTON—Washington tailors secured an official vindication of the much maligned frock coat at the hands of the fashion committee of the international custom cutters' convention here. This is the supreme court of masculine fashion, and woe to the poor wretch that dares defy its mandates.

All early causes of the convention had determined the frock coat must go and that the cutaway was to take its place.

But threats of bolting on the part of the Washington tailors forced the fashion committee to surrender. Washington claims the distinction of having the greatest per capita total of frock coats outside of Terre Haute.

—although why Terre Haute should be excepted no one knows. The committee wrote the following vindication into its announcement:

"We wish to emphasize that the double-breasted frock coat is by no means relegated to the background. While the three-button cutaway just at this time is the most popular garment, the frock coat is worn by the highest officials of our nation, and this itself maintains the dignity of this garment."

The saving clause, however, was put in, it seems, only for the benefit of frock coats already in existence. No reputable tailor will manufacture any more of them. For the remainder of the long report minute details for the architecture of cutaways are given, without ever referring again to the double-breasted affairs.

As to the sack coat, the committee condemns narrow shoulders, but insists on a tight waist, and for those who dare it suggests that narrow braid be worn.

Then there are about a thousand words concerning "close contours," "high waist lines," "little dips," "waistcoat exposures," "crescent pocket lines" and a lot of other things that only Jimham Lewis could understand.

## Keeping Tab on Things That Are Worth Studying

"I DON'T like to ask you, but will you please give me change for a cup of tea? I haven't any money with me, and I'm so weak I can't go on." The woman who asked might have stepped out of dear old grandmother's chair by the chimney corner. Except that there are no chimney corners these days, and precious few old grandmothers.

The woman who responded was just a so-so person who hurried on. And then felt ashamed of herself for not taking the little old dame into a cafe and seeing her safe home. You have to do a thing like that once in a while to feel that you were worth the Lord's creating. So she turned back to atone and had almost eluded her way through the noon rush to the old woman, when again she heard the quavering appeal:

"I don't like to ask you, but will you please give me change for a cup of tea? I haven't any money with me, and I'm so weak I can't go on."

As a thing like that is worth studying, the so-so woman stood by, and kept back. After eight women and an earth-earthy young man had paid tribute, the old woman rested up long enough to turn around. Then she suddenly made for the corner. Obviously, she didn't like the appearance of the woman who was looking on. Some don't.

Begging is against the law, of course, but what are you going to do when an aged lady strikes you for a cup of tea? Remembering that cup of cold water? Besides:

You can't always go by looks. An apparent old fraud may be an angel of help who is pawing her respectability that others, more helpless, may have bread. If it was right for David to kill Goliath, why isn't it just as lawful to down the wolf at your door with any small stone you may carry in your sling? Life is only a game, anyhow, and if you don't hold court cards you've got to play deuces the best you know how. Of course, the big rule forbids cheating—which bucks you into the law against begging. And a law must be obeyed.

But, anyhow, you don't have to act like a policeman unless you wear blue clothes and a peevish badge—so.

The woman who had watched went her way, wishing good luck to the old soul. And the old soul went on with her begging.

Maybe she's at it yet.

## Thought Roman Numerals Latin for Uncle Sam

THIRD ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY NEWTON is a true-blue American. The figures 1, 2, 3 look better to him than the so-called Roman numerals. He has issued an order that hereafter the date of erection of public buildings shall be put in figures instead of Roman numerals. Secretary Newton says:

"Even persons of average education, being unaccustomed to the Roman numerals frequently find considerable difficulty in determining from the lettering on the public building just when it was erected. To many the Roman numerals mean no more than do the emblems of the Masonic Order to a person outside of that Order. So infrequently are the Roman characters now used that many persons of intelligence in this country believe that the customary date on public buildings are marks placed there by the engineers."

"The misinformation in this matter was recently illustrated when a party of tourists stood gazing at one of the show buildings in Washington. One man in the party, pointing to the Roman numerals high up over the door, said: 'What the deuce does that MCXVI business mean up there?'

"What," said another, 'don't you know? That's a mark the contractor puts on. It's his trademark.'

"You're wrong, there, Bill," exclaimed a third member of the party. "That's a sign put there by the government. It's Latin for Uncle Sam."

That's a sign put there by the government. It's Latin for Uncle Sam."

## Mrs. Woodrow Wilson's Ideas on Dress Making

MRS. WOODROW WILSON, wife of the president, is getting a whole lot of support from women returning from abroad for her ideas of home dress making. It is said by fashionable modistes in Rue de la Paix, Rue Talbott

and Place Vendome that they are practically facing ruin, in that they are not able to keep their styles exclusive. Our American women have been in the habit of going to Paris for their well society gowns, which they buy as exclusive, and for which they pay a fancy price and high duty. They get them over here, only to find that there are women here who have worn a fac-simile of their gowns for weeks before they get back, and they have about concluded that the American modiste is just as artistic and decorative in their designs as any French modiste dare be. Mrs. Wilson, as the wife of the governor of New Jersey, stated that she could dress on less than \$1,000 a year, and she is doing it to her own satisfaction, if not to that of the high-priced foreign modistes. She selects her own silks, satins and laces and has them constructed almost under her own eye, many of her little gowns being made at the White House. A representative of a world-famous dress maker in Rue Talbott, most of whose customers are Americans, said that unless it should prove possible to copyright not only designs of gowns, but also of trimmings and combinations of colors, he would shortly have to give up his present business and go in for wholesale manufacture.

## Gave Cloak to Virgin.

John W. Maxwell, who has recently returned from Mexico, speaks of the improvidence of the natives. "All through desperately poor," he says, "they never seem to learn how to take care of themselves. They are too temperamental for their own good. A woman came recently to one of the Protestant missions bearing a cloak. The missionary, taking pity on her, gave the donor was touched, although discouraged, on finding a few days later the selfsame garment wrapped around a statue of the Virgin."

## Glass Houses and Stones.

The well worn proverb, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones," is commonly said to have been first used by James I. of England and when his favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, complained that a mob had broken his glass windows, which were at that time a luxury. Modern use does not deny the name proverb to everything not found in the Old Testament Book of Proverbs. It is more likely than not that the prevalence of such popular sayings caused the naming of that collection, ascribed to King Solomon and his wise men.

## 400,000 Settlers a Year

Immigration figures show that the population of Canada increased during 1913, by the addition of 400,000 new settlers from the United States and Europe. Most of these have gone on farms in provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Lord William Percy, an English Nobleman, says:

"The possibilities and opportunities offered by the Canadian West are an infinitely greater than those which exist in England, that it seems absurd to think that people should be impeded from coming to the country where they can most easily and certainly improve their position."

New districts are being opened up, which will make accessible a great number of homesteads in districts especially adapted to mixed farming and grain raising.

For illustrated literature and reduced railway rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

G. A. COOKE  
222 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo., and C. J. Thompson, 413 N. E. 7th St., Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Government Agent

Many a little man comes up to our expectations, where a big man falls short.

In Delaware.

Census Taker—All citizens will please stand up so that I may count them.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Just So.

"Dental parlor, eh? Why call a workshop a parlor?"

"It is certainly a drawing room."

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Children who are delicate, feverish and cross will get immediate relief from Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver, and are recommended for complaining children. A pleasant remedy for worms. Used by Mothers for 24 years. At all Druggists, Sec. 10, 1000 Ave. of the Americas, N. Y. City. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y. Adv.

A Benefit.

"I almost changed countenance when I heard it."

"What a pity you lost such a chance!"

Easy to Find Out.

"Does your father object to kissing?"

"I don't know. Shall I tell him that you would like to kiss him?"

Art of Conversation.

"Your wife must be awfully clever! She talks like a book."

"Yes; I have known her silence to be eloquent and her frown to speak volumes!"—Judge.

Only Cuts.

"Does the razor pull, sir?" asked the barber.

"No," replied the victim, as he squirmed in his chair, "but the blood running down my neck kind of tickles me."

An Invitation.

Delighted Young Lady (to young man she has been dancing with)—Oh, I could dance to heaven with you!

Young Man—And can you reverse?—Life.

Horses and Cards.

"Why is it you always win at poker?" she asked, "and always lose when you back horses?" "Well, my dear," came the genial response, "I don't shuffle the horses."—London Express.

Corner Repartee.

The man with the "I Am Blind" sign on his breast smelled of gin, but he looked pathetic. I stopped in front of him. He held out his tin cup. I had my suspicions.

Eying him carefully I drew from my pocket a large roll of bank bills. I saw him shudder.

"It is the chilly breeze," he hastily explained.

I wasn't satisfied.

"Come," I said, "if you leave this corner and go somewhere else I will give you a bank bill."

"Sure, I will," he eagerly replied.

"Taking a \$1 from the roll, I put it in his hands.